

LOUNDS DRUG COMPANY
Crescent City, Florida

**GET INTO THE GAME EARLY!
NOW**

is the time to get your garden seeds. We have them. Everything fresh. We buy only the best. Get our prices; we will meet anyone else's prices for first class stock.

Headquarters for Pure Drugs and Chemicals.
Patent Medicines
Stationery
Florida Souvenirs

LOUNDS DRUG CO.
CRESCENT CITY, FLA.

MATTHEW H. READ
REAL ESTATE
CRESCENT CITY - FLORIDA

Crescent Hill lots on easy terms.

WANTED.

Shippers of Freight of all kinds to route their shipments by the Steamer **CRESCENT** of the

Beach & Miller Line.

Shipments will receive the best of care and prompt attention.

Steamer **Crescent City** leaves Crescent for Palatka, Jacksonville and way ports at 6:30 a.m., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Leaves Jacksonville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

E. T. CLARK,
Traffic Manager. Jacksonville, Fla.

Crescent City Transfer Co's.
Automobile and Boat Line.

Auto meets all trains at Crescent City Junction. Night trips by appointment.

S. M. LaBREE, Manager.
Crescent City, Florida.

A. I. Spencer,
Dentist.

Office at Residence on Prospect Street.
Crescent City, Florida.

Wartime Wit.

"Throughout the siege of Paris," says Ernest A. Vizetelly in his book, "My Days of Adventure," "the so-called mot pot rire was never lost sight of." Thus:

"When horsethief became more or less our daily provender many Parisian bourgeois found their health failing. 'What is the matter, my dear?' M. du Bois du Pont inquired of his husband when he had collapsed one evening after dinner. 'Oh, it is nothing more than a cold,' he replied. 'I used to think myself a better horseman!'"

Then there was the soldier whose age was conveniently elastic:

"When Trochu issued a decree incorporating all national guards under forty-five years of age in the marching battalions for duty outside the city one of these guards on being asked how old he was replied, 'Six and forty.' 'How is that?' he was asked. 'A few weeks ago you told everybody that you were only thirty-six.' 'Quite true,' rejoined the other, 'but with that rampart duty, demonstrating at the Hotel de Ville, short rations and the cold weather, I feel quite ten years older than I formerly did.'"

Thick and Thin.

"It's a funny thing," remarked the observing man, "that particularly stout and particularly thin people can discover insinuations in regard to their size where absolutely none is meant. Now, tonight in the car there were two good examples of this within a few minutes of each other. One was a little thread of a woman who glanced contemptuously at two well meaning persons who moved apart and made a space between them which looked wide enough for her to seat herself with comparative comfort."

"Thank you," she snapped, "but I prefer to stand rather than sit where there is scarcely room for a small child."

"We had not proceeded far when an extremely stout woman entered the car. She was carrying two huge bundles and looked tired. Three men in a row sprang to their feet as she began to lurch about as the car started. She administered a savage glance at them and said, quite audibly:

"Well, I never! I guess if it's got to the point where I take up three seats I'd better stand up awhile!"—*Buffalo Express.*

FOR TORPID LIVER AND CONSTIPATION

The best remedy for liver, stomach or bowel troubles and especially constipation is the famous **HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS.**

Don't miss getting a box to-day—they tone up the liver, drive out the poisonous waste in the bowels and make you feel simply splendid in a few hours.

Cut out Calomel and slimy purgatives. Try **HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS** just once and you'll have no use for any other liver remedy. Fine for sick headaches, yellow skin, dull eyes and blotches. Druggists everywhere for 25c.

Hot Springs Liver Buttons, Hot Springs Rheumatism Remedy and Hot Springs Blood Remedy are sold in all drug stores everywhere.

CRESCENT CITY NEWS

FLORIDA NEWS NOTES.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

Mr. Tarbell was a business visitor to Palatka this week.

Jack Welch is sinking an artesian on the lles place down the lake.

DeSoto Varnes is in Chicago where he is studying telegraphing.

L. A. Hurlbut left last Wednesday for Connecticut.

J. H. Harp has gone to Asheville, N. C., for a two months' stay.

A number of Palatka automobiles passed through town last Sunday.

M. H. White and family are spending some time at Daytona Beach.

W. A. Jernigan is seriously considering the advisability of embarking in the meat business.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Read returned last week from a pleasant stay at Pablo Beach and Jacksonville.

Mrs. W. H. Fuller and little daughter, Belle, have returned from St. Augustine where they spent some three weeks.

Col. G. T. Graham expects to leave in a few days for St. Augustine, where he will open an office for the practice of law.

Mr. and Mrs. Pres. Jones have moved into the Huntington hotel and will keep the same open for boarders the coming winter.

T. J. Iles has re-christened his orange grove on the lake front, formerly the home of George Neal. He now calls it Ilesmere.

Mrs. Geo. S. Crotty and children left Monday last for Hendersonville, N. C., where they expect to remain until October.

Reports come that Miss Ethel Jones, who has been quite ill since the close of school, is now improving.

Miss Maud Varnes has been spending some time in Palatka on a visit to the home of her brother, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Varnes.

Capt. John D. Piguer and family, who have been living in Palatka for the last two years, have returned to this place to reside.

J. F. Ganas of Huntington is making arrangements to move here, and is reported to have rented the Chamberlin house on Summit street.

Iler F. Babers spent a good portion of last week in Volusia and other counties to the south estimating the coming orange and grapefruit crop.

The Crescent City baseball club went to Green Cove Springs on Thursday last week to play the team of that place. They report a good time but the loss of the game.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Tillinghast and Miss Helen Tillinghast, expect to leave today for New York and thence to the Adirondack mountains for a short stay. They will go to New York via the Clyde line steamer, leaving from Jacksonville today.

The Lawler stock which was abandoned some two weeks ago has been packed and shipped to the sheriff, who will sell the same for benefit of creditors. The place was in a dirty mess when opened up by Deputy Hunter.

Mrs. C. T. King a former resident of this place, was married on Sunday, August 2d, to Mr. J. J. Shawnes of Miami. The ceremony took place at Rochelle, Ga. The bride and groom will make their home in Miami, Mr. Shawnes being an engineer on the Florida East Coast Railway.

By common consent it seems that Mr. Joe Braddock will be sure winner of the prize being offered by the V. I. A. for the greatest improvement made in home grounds during a summer. The Braddock grounds, because of their neat and attractive appearance, are coming in for their full share of praise from the people, anyway.

S. G. Sauls has purchased the stock of C. L. Chamberlin and rented the store. Mr. Sauls expects new goods to arrive at once and he will engage extensively in the grocery business. This is one of the very best locations in the town. Mr. Chamberlin retires after 25 years of continuous business in the place. He will devote his energies to his grove property.

The Game at Green Cove Springs.
by Elbert Braddock

On Thursday the 6th inst. the Crescent City baseball club journeyed to Green Cove Springs to play the team of that place, and met defeat by the one sided score of 16 to 7.

It was thought that the days of Jesse James and highway robbery in the broad, open daylight were things of the past, but after witnessing Thursday's game one is inclined to think that such is not the case. The Hunterites received by far the rankest deal from the umpire that has been handed out to them so far this year, and which completely eliminated their chances of victory. At one stage of the game certain members of the Crescent City club threatened to do violence to the Green Cove umpire, but cooler heads rushed in and play was resumed.

Watts and Garwood opposed each other on the hill-top, and the game sailed along smoothly with both pitchers in cracking good form until the fourth inning, when the umpire commenced to get in his "rough stuff," and thereafter the Hunterites played listless ball, having about as much chance of winning the game as a wooden-legged man would of climbing Pike's Peak.

This fellow, Garwood, has seen service in the Georgia State League and the Cigar City League, but failed to strike fear in any of the local hearts, every man on the team taking a crack at the ball with the exception of Cash, who was "carted" around the short field in "A.V." Fletcher style. Although unable to endorse the Green Cove brand of umpiring, every member of the club was loud in his praises of Green Cove hospitality.

If there is men in us soils whose sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of—Swift.

A TIMID GIRL

By JOHN Y. LARNED

Miranda Jones was the timidiest creature I ever knew. Whenever there was a sign of danger she would cower like a cat. In a thunderstorm she would go upstairs, get on a bed and tremble like a leaf till it was all over. If any one talked of robbers she would listen with wide open eyes and soon get into a shiver. So much terror did she show at imaginary dangers that every body said if anything really happened she would go all to pieces. Something did happen one day, and this is what it was and how Miranda acted.

Miranda was a very good looking girl and I would have fancied her if she had had more grit. I'm a practical sort of fellow, and it never seemed to me that I wanted a wife who, if I left her alone for an hour and a peddler or a tramp came along, would be scared to death. I would always be worrying about her till I got back to her. Still I always had a liking for Miranda, and the principal part of it was that I felt very sure she had a decided liking for me.

But, as I was saying, this is what happened: One day all the Jones family was invited to go over to spend the day with Deacon Wirtz's folks. Miranda had a headache or something and thought she wouldn't go. The rest of them went off in the wagon after the morning chores were done and were to be back about 5 o'clock. How they drove leave her all alone in a farmhouse with no neighbor nearer than a mile I don't know. Miranda told me they were going, and I kind of thought she fancied I might happen along while they were gone, and I might do a little courting.

The family hadn't been gone very long before a man came down the road and when he got to the house turned in at the well for a drink of water. As he was pulling up the bucket and drinking out of the gourd he kept a lookout on the house. It must have looked pretty quiet and as if there wasn't anybody there. When he got through drinking he went to the house opened the door and walked in.

The only way to get the rest of the story was from Miranda herself, so there's no use in telling whether she acted brave or cowardly. She said she wanted to run across the fields, but she didn't dare do so because she was afraid the man would kill her while she was running. The truth is, when her grandmother died she had left Miranda \$300 the old lady had saved during a period of many years. It was in the same wooden stocking the grand mother had kept it. Miranda, in seeking a safe place for it, had hit on the big chimney. She had climbed up it, found a loose brick, taken it out, put in the stocking and covered it with a part of the brick, protecting it from fire and concealing the place where she kept it.

I remembered what Miranda had said about the folks going away, though I hadn't said I'd go over. After dinner the weather being fine and the driving good, I allowed I'd harness up my mare, run over and ask her to go for a drive. It's four miles from our farm to theirs, and I jogged along, thinking of the drive I was going to have and wondering what Miranda was doing there all by herself. When I got pretty near the house I saw her sitting on the stepping platform in front of the house. A moment after I first saw her she got up and raised a gun she held in her hands and pointed it at me though she was going to shoot a bird off the top of the chimney.

"Well, I'll be damned!" I said to myself, "if that isn't the queerest sight I ever saw—Miranda daring to use a gun!"

I drove right up to her, and as I did so I glanced at the chimney top to see the bird she was trying to get a shot at when I was flustered at seeing a man's head pop up above the bricks. Then Miranda, seeing me, dropped the gun and fell in a faint.

It didn't require more than a few seconds to take in the situation. Miranda had a man up the chimney. Who he was or how she got him there didn't concern me just then. Leaving her on the grass to come to herself when she got ready, I picked up the gun. Then I called to the man to show himself. He did so, and I asked for an explanation.

"That gal," he said, "has got the devil in her. I might as well confess that, finding her alone I told her she didn't tell me where the family kept their money I'd kill her. She said she'd tell me up the chimney. I went after it, and she barricaded the fire place with heavy furniture so I couldn't get out that way, and when I climbed up to get out this way she was watching me with a gun. I'm glad you're come along, I'm nearly dead in this cramped place. I've been here nearly three hours."

Well, that's the end of the story. I told the man to come down the wasn't armed. Miranda came to herself, and instead of taking a pleasure drive, I drove the man to the county seat and turned him over. I married Miranda. I thought after what she'd done I might depend upon no one getting any cash I might leave with her when I was away.

Since we've been married I have had but one chance to see how Miranda will act in presence of danger. A mouse came out of its hole; she shrieked and got on a chair.

Not So Strange After All.

You may think it strange that so many people are cured of stomach trouble by Chamberlain's Tablets. You would not, however, if you should give them a trial. They strengthen and invigorate the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. Mrs. Rosie Rish, Wabash, Ind., writes, "Nothing did me the least good until I began using Chamberlain's Tablets. It is decidedly 'the best medicine for stomach trouble I have ever used.' For sale by all dealers."

A SNIFF OF CHLOROFORM

By M. QUAD

The Kincardine bank was one of the oldest and strongest banking institutions in New England, though situated and doing business in a town of 2,000 inhabitants. It made loans to hundreds of farmers, and it did business with many shipbuilders and shipowners along the New England coast. Many and many a time, as assistant cashier, I have seen \$100,000 stacked in our vault and have tossed packages of \$50,000 about as if they had no more value than so much old paper. I say we did a large business, but yet our building was a humble one and our methods as primitive as might be found in a country store. We had a brick vault with iron doors, but the latest sort of cracksmen would have dug his way into it in an hour with a crowbar. Outside of the vault was an old fashioned bolt headed safe, which looked with a key only. It had a strong, massive lock, but the lock could have been picked in a quarter of an hour, and two ounces of powder poured into the keyhole and exploded would have torn the door off. It will surprise you when I say that sums of money as large as \$75,000 were often left in that old safe over night. My uncle, James Gordon Kincardine, who died a few years ago, was to blame for our way of doing business. He was a set man. He hated innovations.

I was twenty-three years old when a place was given me as assistant cashier. I had been in the bank almost two years when the rooms overhead were vacated and rented to a traveling doctor for a month.

On the 12th of a certain October, when he had been our tenant for two months, he came into the bank at the noon hour, a time I was always alone, to get change for a bill. Thereafter, until the climax came, he never attempted to come behind the counter, though the door sometimes stood open, but on several occasions I went out to him, on his calls after the first three weeks were for the purpose of manipulating a swelling on my jaw, and I always passed outside the counter and sat down on a chair. On the 8th of November, which was cold and dismal, we had in the Kincardine bank exactly \$28,250 in currency. On the next day there was to be a big withdrawal to pay the hands at a mill, and some \$50,000 was to go to certain Boston banks by express. I hadn't been left alone for over five minutes when Dr. Jordan came in to attend me. As he worked at my jaw he gradually turned my head to the left, so that I no longer saw him or the door. He asked me to repeat a story I had told him a few days ago, and I was doing so when the door opened. I did not stop my talk, and I could not turn my head. The man who came in did not speak, but he must have passed the doctor a sponge saturated with chloroform. I got the odor of the stuff at once and was wondering what it was when my neck was gripped by the doctor's left hand, and with the right he thrust the sponge into my face. I think I tried to rise up and fight the sponge away, but am not clear about it. I distinctly remember, however, of hearing the doctor say:

"Now, then, open the doors, and I'll soon have the money in the bags!"

It was an hour later when I heard faraway voices and after a struggle opened my eyes and found the bank full of people. Up to that time no one had discovered anything wrong, except with me. They had found me lying on the floor and supposed I was in a fit, though all detected the presence of chloroform. My first words were to ask them to look for the money. Or the \$28,250 not a shilling remained. Safe and vault had been plundered to the last penny! When astonishment passed away I was charged with having robbed the bank. It was not a fair thing for an uncle to do, but James Gordon Kincardine, to his everlasting shame, was for having me locked up at once.

It was a long hour before we got the tangled situation out, and that hour may be in every dollar he had in the world. The robbers had a start of an hour and a half, and the only thing they did was to make a half circle around the town and mislead pursuit for a day.

My uncle had detectives almost by the dozen, and the majority of them tried hard to convict me than to overhurl the robbers. I was questioned and cross questioned until bored to death, and for a change they would threaten me. Some thought I had buried the money somewhere, as if one could go at high noon and do such a job, and the sleuth of all sleuths was sure that I had stood in with the two men and was to get my share of the proceeds.

For years and years I was a suspected person, and few men dared to own my friendship. Even when men no longer dared suspect they talked of me in connection with the robbery and asserted that I was next door to a fool that I did not suspect and checkmate it. I have given you a true and honest account of the whole circumstance, and no matter what your version may be, I feel the better for having written it out. I contend that my uncle's foolish and reckless system was all to blame, and in this I know that all bankers and their employees will agree with me and absolve me from all blame.

Widows' Caps.

The widow's cap is a survival of an old Roman custom. Widows were obliged to wear their veils for ten months, and the bereaved woman shaved her head as a token of mourning. Naturally the widow could not very well appear in public with a bald head, so dirty caps were made in order to hide the disfigurement. The cap still remains, though the immediate necessity for its existence has long passed away.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Florida East Coast Railway

FLAGLER SYSTEM

In effect May 6, 1914				In effect May 6, 1914			
29-31 Daily	37-41 Daily	85 Daily	29 Daily	30 Daily	86 Daily	38-40 Daily	22-42 Daily
8:30 PM	1:30 PM	9:30 AM	Palatka to Jacksonville	7:50 AM	2:15 PM	3:30 PM	Palatka to Jacksonville
9:50 PM	2:40 PM	10:50 AM	Palatka to St. Augustine	8:40 AM	1:15 PM	3:10 PM	Palatka to St. Augustine
11:20 PM	3:50 PM	11:50 AM	Palatka to Daytona	9:30 AM	12:15 PM	2:40 PM	Palatka to Daytona
11:00 PM	4:55 PM	12:25 PM	Palatka to Orlando	10:20 AM	1:05 PM	2:10 PM	Palatka to Orlando
12:15 AM	5:15 PM	12:45 PM	Palatka to Tampa	11:10 AM	1:55 PM	1:40 PM	Palatka to Tampa
1:30 AM	6:15 PM	1:45 PM	Palatka to Key West	12:00 PM	2:45 PM	2:10 PM	Palatka to Key West
2:45 AM	7:15 PM	2:45 PM	Palatka to Havana	1:10 PM	3:45 PM	2:40 PM	Palatka to Havana
3:45 AM	8:15 PM	3:45 PM	Palatka to Matanzas	2:20 PM	4:45 PM	3:10 PM	Palatka to Matanzas
4:45 AM	9:15 PM	4:45 PM	Palatka to Santiago	3:30 PM	5:45 PM	3:40 PM	Palatka to Santiago
5:45 AM	10:15 PM	5:45 PM	Palatka to Cardenas	4:40 PM	6:45 PM	4:10 PM	Palatka to Cardenas
6:45 AM	11:15 PM	6:45 PM	Palatka to Pinar	5:50 PM	7:45 PM	5:10 PM	Palatka to Pinar
7:45 AM	12:15 AM	7:45 PM	Palatka to Sagua	7:00 PM	8:45 PM	6:20 PM	Palatka to Sagua
8:45 AM	1:15 AM	8:45 PM	Palatka to Remedios	8:10 PM	9:45 PM	7:30 PM	Palatka to Remedios
9:45 AM	2:15 AM	9:45 PM	Palatka to Manzanillo	9:20 PM	10:45 PM	8:40 PM	Palatka to Manzanillo
10:45 AM	3:15 AM	10:45 PM	Palatka to Cienfuegos	10:30 PM	11:45 PM	9:50 PM	Palatka to Cienfuegos
11:45 AM	4:15 AM	11:45 PM	Palatka to Matanzas	11:40 PM	12:45 AM	11:00 PM	Palatka to Matanzas
12:45 PM	5:15 AM	12:45 PM	Palatka to Havana	12:50 PM	1:45 AM	12:10 PM	Palatka to Havana
1:45 PM	6:15 AM	1:45 PM	Palatka to Matanzas	1:00 PM	2:45 AM	1:20 PM	Palatka to Matanzas
2:45 PM	7:15 AM	2:45 PM	Palatka to Santiago	2:10 PM	3:45 AM	2:30 PM	Palatka to Santiago
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5:45 PM	10:15 AM	5:45 PM	Palatka to Sagua	5:40 PM	6:45 AM	6:00 PM	Palatka to Sagua
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